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No. 42.

AN AWAKENING.

The silken tassels of the oak trees fall,
And all the soft expectancy of Spring
Breathes through the air; the plaintive linnets
Sing.
And higher up the clear-voiced thrushes call,
The golden pinnules of the southern wren,
And almond-scented, tropic blossoms lie,
A purple cloud against a sapphire sky,
Where stretch the nodding hemlocks, similes, tall.
The April sunlight with capricious gleam,
Paints with the burden of the roses' mawk,
O'er 'neath a cloud, and leaves the world a-dusk;
The silver bubble of a wanton stream
Sounds from the woodland, waked from Winter's
dream.
SIBYL KEIM.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. THREE COMING PARTIES.

(Can't thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?)
—Shakespeare.

Doris Carlyon's swoon was of short duration. Only for that one brief moment did her insensibility last. When she opened her eyes, her guest in the parlor costume was standing looking at her with a curious smile upon his face.

"Is this joy or sorrow, Doris?" he asked.

"Neither," she faltered. "It was the shock—the surprise."

"It should be no surprise to see me."

"Of course not; but it was, and now you are here, what do you mean to do?"

"Whatever my fancy prompts me," he replied, with a short laugh. "Enjoy myself—rest, above all things—I am almost tired out."

She looked at him more closely now, and saw that his face was worn and haggard, and that he looked like a man faint from weariness or want.

"I'm not starving," he said, guessing her thought. "I was a few weeks ago. I've found a friend to give me a mouthful, and to help me to these things to come here in. I'm weak from illness now, not want."

"Sit down," Doris said, looking at him intently. "Rest here while—no one will disturb us here. To-morrow we will settle what is to be done."

"What is to be paid to keep me away, I suppose? We'll come to that point at once. Nothing—not all the wealth you possess—should bribe me to let you keep your secret another day."

"Perhaps it would be as well to make an end of it," she said, with a weary, hunted look upon her face. "It would be better than living with a sword hanging over my head, as I have done for the past three years. Do me one favor."

"What is it?"

"Don't make any disturbance here to-night. Let this evening pass over in peace."

"Very well; but I don't stir from here, I promise you. What are you doing in there?"

"Only seeing whether there is any wine here. I usually keep a little here. Will you not have some?"

"Leave it alone, and I'll help myself. I'll take nothing from your hands. Go back and play the queen yonder—it will be the last time, I promise you."

"Very well. If you wish to rest you will be quite undisturbed here," she said. "No one comes here without my permission."

"I'll show up in the hall-room by and by," he said, stretching himself on the sofa, and soothed his breath coming hoarse and hollow under his armor. "You'll have to come to me up a bit, Miss Carlyon—I'm not half the man I was."

"I will come back presently. You will find wine there, as I told you. I will not even place it on the table if you distrust me so much."

"I do distrust you; but we will change all that now I have come home."

"Of course you have come home. No body will deny you any privilege you may claim here."

Still the curious far-away look in her eyes, as though her mind was far distant; but her guest seemed too weary almost to notice it.

"I believe I'm about done up," he said. "I wonder I had strength left to come here at all. I rather feared a warm sort of reception. You are something tamed down, Miss Carlyon."

"You were mistaken, you see," she said, smiling. "But rest here as long as you like, and meet me in the hall-room. You can ring for a servant to show you the way when you come."

She left him lying on the pale-blue satin couch, crumpling the dainty lace and the soft cushions, and shut the door, standing still a minute outside to crush down the noisy beating of her heart. The corridor was dark and empty, and she listened intently. She heard him cross the room to the cupboard where he had told her to leave the wine alone. She held her breath almost while she heard the slight click of a glass.

"There's only wine there," she said. "There's not much harm in that."

Then she heard him lie down again with a bang that made the delicate springs of the couch creak again, and with a low, shuddering sigh, she turned away.

"Who would have thought it?" she said



NO TIDINGS OF RALPH RUTHERFORD.

to herself: "and how will it end? Fate favors me generally. Will my good destiny favor me now?"

"She had not been absent from the ball-room very long, though the time had seemed hours to her, and there was no sign of any perplexity or worry on her beautiful face when she returned. True, the flush on her cheeks was feverish, and the light which burned in her eyes was born of suppressed excitement; but her guests did not know that, and they voted one and all that they had never known Miss Carlyon so radiant or so charming."

"There's something wrong," said Ernest Dormer to himself. "What has happened to her, I wonder. When she was last night when you went away so mysteriously?"

"Oh, it was a stupid joke. Some one came as Oliver Cromwell, and sent in that name to me. I went in the same spirit, but it turned out a very flat jest. The man, whoever he was, wouldn't unmask, and wouldn't tell me his name. He couldn't carry out the fun, so I left him."

"Then you didn't know him?"

"Oh, yes, I did. I think it was one of the Carey people from Guy's Cliff. There's a host of them, and I recognized the voice."

"I wonder I never saw him," Ernest said, looking at his cousin, who was toying with a morsel on her plate.

"I don't think there is much wonder," she replied, carelessly. "In such a mob I saw him once or twice, but I fancy he felt ashamed of himself, and left early. I wasn't much interested in him, whoever he was."

"You had better go away for a day or two's change," Mrs. Bellevue said. "You look shockingly."

"No," she replied. "I shan't leave Kingdom at present. I can recruit very well here."

But she seemed to Ernest Dormer to live for the next few days in a perfect fever of expectation and nervousness. She would start from her sleep at the slightest sound, and a ring at the hall-door or a strange step in the hall would make her start and quiver.

"It was only nervousness," she declared, "and she would send to Mr. Selwyn for a draught. He seemed a very clever young man, and it wouldn't hurt him to give him a turn."

"It will hurt him to turn his head," growled Ernest. "Why don't you send to your own doctor?"

"Because I don't choose," was the sharp response.

And Ernest Dormer felt he had interfered too far, and said no more.

Mr. Selwyn sent the draught, and it did Miss Carlyon a great deal of good (she must have explained her symptoms very minutely in the note she wrote him, and she recovered her spirits and appetite, though her cousin was rude enough to assert that the medicine was nothing but red lavender and water, shufflingly favored).

A week passed away, and Mr. Dormer had gone to town, to the great relief of Doris, when a servant entered, and announced that a stranger wished to speak to her.

"A stranger?"

Her heart gave a quick, suffocating leap as she echoed the man's words.

"Yes, miss."

"Did he give no name?"

"He said he doubted whether you would know his name. He would not intrude for the world, he said, but his business with you was urgent."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"An old man, miss—small, and with

one or two of the gentlemen had allowed Miss Carlyon's good wine to get the better of them, why it was only coming out into the fresh air that made them suddenly stupid, that was all.

Miss Carlyon came down about noon the next day, with a face of ghastly paleness, and dark circles under her eyes.

"My dear Doris, how ill you look!" Mrs. Bellevue exclaimed.

"How ill I feel," she replied, languidly. "The effects of pleasure, auntie. Now that the excitement is over I feel half dead. I shall be better to-morrow."

"There's something wrong," said Ernest Dormer to himself. "What has happened to her, I wonder. When she was last night when you went away so mysteriously?"

"Oh, it was a stupid joke. Some one came as Oliver Cromwell, and sent in that name to me. I went in the same spirit, but it turned out a very flat jest. The man, whoever he was, wouldn't unmask, and wouldn't tell me his name. He couldn't carry out the fun, so I left him."

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"Yes, miss."

"Did he give no name?"

"He said he doubted whether you would know his name. He would not intrude for the world, he said, but his business with you was urgent."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"An old man, miss—small, and with

very white hair. He seems like a gentleman in manner."

Doris heaved a sigh of relief. It was not the intrusive stranger at whose feet she had sunk senseless the night of the ball.

"Tell him I will come in a few minutes," she said. "Show him into the library."

The man withdrew, and Doris went to the library after a minute or two to find herself face to face with Jabez Colliver.

She scarcely knew him in the quiet, old-fashioned black suit he had donned for his expedition—he looked much a different figure to the picturesque old man she had seen in the gallery and the velvet cap at Limehouse. He carried a stiff, tall hat in his hand, and was examining the costly books and pictures with as much interest as an extremely obtuse collar would allow.

Doris greeted him politely and kindly.

"I am so ashamed of myself, Mr. Colliver," she said. "Of course you have come about the lace. Believe me, I forgot it. The steward shall give you a check at once."

"I did not come for that, madam," he said, gravely. "That is all right, I am sure. I came about quite another matter."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I am troubled about an acquaintance of mine who is missing."

"Missing?"

"Yes, madam, since the night of your great ball, of which the newspapers have been so full."

"I am very much obliged to the papers, I am sure, but what has this missing person to do with that or else?"

"That I don't quite know. Will you pardon me if I detain you while I tell you what I know?"

"Certainly. Sit down, I beg."

"I am to blame, Miss Carlyon, perhaps, in what I did; but the facts were these. An old acquaintance of mine came from beyond seas a little while ago, and most unaccountably to me was possessed with a sort of madness about your ball. I firmly believe now that he was mad, for he started from my house to come here, and has not been heard of since. I schemed to get a ticket for him—I needn't tell you how now—and I provided him with his dress. It was a very costly one, and I shall be a great loser if he cannot be found."

"What kind of a dress was it?"

"He was dressed as Oliver Cromwell, Miss Carlyon. Did he come here; and if so, what became of him? I cannot find out that any one has seen him since."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT HAD BECOME OF RALPH RUTHERFORD.
—I have brought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
—Shakespeare.

"I don't quite see how I can help you, Doris Carlyon said, somewhat stiffly.

"But such a man came here? You can at least tell me that."

"Yes, a person came here so dressed. It was a jest, I imagine, suggested by my own assumption of the character of Henrietta Maria. The man was a stranger to me, and I have no idea how he came here, or with whom."

"And you do not know when he left?"

"I do not. I had to say good-bye to all my guests; but you can readily understand that a hostess may readily miss one or two out of three hundred or so. I can inquire of the servants who attended in the gentlemen's cloak-room, if you like."

"If you would be so good, madam, I

am very anxious, not only on account of the dress—I can replace that—but—"

"The person was a friend of yours—is that it?"

"Just so, Miss Carlyon."

The two men who had waited on the gentlemen came in challenge to the summons of their mistress, but could tell nothing. Many of the gentlemen had gone away cloaked and masked as they had come, and the confusion and glitter had completely destroyed their remembrance of any particular costume. As to what Oliver Cromwell might have looked like they had no idea.

"There was a man in armor, miss," one of them said. "Leathern, spangles and such."

"And some as wrapped themselves up very tight, as if they was ashamed of being seen in the daylight," added the other.

"One or two had had a little drop too much, and had to be helped a bit."

"I am sorry to have troubled you so much, Miss Carlyon," Jabez Colliver said. "but I hoped you might have been able to help me to some elucidation of the mystery."

"I am sorry I cannot; but it is necessarily a mystery, Mr. Colliver. Your friend may be amusing himself at your expense, and staying away on purpose. Such eccentric freaks have been known."

"I do not think this is one. I know that Ralph Rutherford—"

"Is that the person's name?"

"It was only with very scant interest that Doris spoke, playing with her watch chain while she heard almost enough of this tiresome person who had intruded at her ball, and she was getting tired of Jabez Colliver's inquiries about it."

"Yes, that was his name. I know that he must have been slightly crazy in his persistence about coming here. His notion was that he should meet some one he knew in your house."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, some one who had wronged him deeply."

"He must have been very mad, or things go on under my roof that I know nothing of. I don't think he spoke to any one in the place. I expect you will find that his disappearance is only another phase of his madness."

"Why?"

"Because he left a very sufficient guarantee for his return in my hands."

"Indeed?"

She did not say "What is it?" in words, but he answered her look.

"A little child."

"The words seemed to come in dry gales from Doris Carlyon's white lips, and she turned her head hastily, that he might not see the ashy pallor of her face. A sudden faintness seized her, and the room seemed to swim round with her."

"I have been very unwell since the ball, she said, in apology. "Over excitement does not agree with me. I beg your pardon, Mr. Colliver—you were saying something about a child."

"Yes, madam. It is left at my house, poor thing, and I am loth to take it to the workhouse. It is a fine little fellow."

"A boy?"

"Yes."

"It seems a strange business altogether, Mr. Colliver," Doris said, after a pause.

"I wish I could help you in it. Will you let me know what you are going to do after a few days, if the man does not reappear?"

"Surely, madam."

"And this destitute child—will you keep it a little longer, and allow me to provide

it with some clothes—that is, if it requires them."

"He wants everything, poor baby."

"Then take this from me and fit him out, and don't give him to the parish people without letting me know. I should like to see him."

"I would send him anywhere to you—that is, if his father doesn't return," said Jabez, alarmed lest Miss Carlyon should propose to visit Limehouse again.

"Thank you. If he does not, I should like to see the child; but I couldn't visit your part of the world again even for that."

She laughed as she spoke; but there was a drawn, set look upon her face, and the hand with which she handed him some gold from her portmanteau shook as with an ague fit.

"You will take some refreshment before you leave, Mr. Colliver," she said, "and I will have a check for the price of the lace made out for you."

She bade him adieu kindly, and walked steadily out of the room; but she could hardly drag herself to her own bedroom when she fell fainting at the feet of her maid, terrified that young person nearly out of her senses. She was raised and put to bed, only to rouse and faint again, till Mrs. Bellevue, in terror lest she was dying, sent post haste for Mr. Selwyn, who was the nearest doctor.

He came at once, followed in a very short time by the family doctor from Warwick, who approved of all that had been done, and delighted the younger doctor's heart by his approval, and expressed a wish that Mr. Selwyn would stay and watch Miss Carlyon for a few hours.

She was better in the morning, and ready to agree to her aunt's proposition that they should go away for a change somewhere.

The season was getting late for the sea; but still the bracing air of the coast would strengthen and invigorate her.

Jabez Colliver went home more puzzled than ever, and more fully convinced that the man who had called himself Ralph Rutherford was mad. He had known him and his father before him very well. The elder Rutherford had been, like himself, an artist, and his son had given up to follow the same profession. But a roving mania had seized the young man, and he had gone to sea, returning now and then for a time, and finally disappearing altogether.

The fear by which Jabez Colliver had now recognized him had been got in dragging the old man from under the boots of a vicious horse, which had knocked him down, and which nearly cost Ralph Rutherford his life. The accident had happened in one of his intervals on shore, and had made Jabez the younger man's debtor for life. He had long believed him dead, when he made his appearance, weary and foot-sore, and begged help and shelter from him.

His story was a curious one. He had had a strange, eventful life in all parts of the world, and finally had settled down, as he thought, to happiness and content with a loving, pretty wife.

He did not tell Jabez very much of this part of his history; but said enough far to make Jabez believe that the old man had proved false to him, or that he had fancied he had sufficient proof of the fact, and his rival had been murdered.

What connection all this had with Doris Carlyon and her ball did not seem very clear; but neither Ralph Rutherford had gone, and never had come back—at least, had never returned to Limehouse.

He seemed passionately fond of the child, whom the mother, he said, had abandoned, and was not likely willingly to have left it.

Jabez Colliver had told the whole facts to Jasper Onslow and his wife. Miss Carlyon's ball was public matter indeed. The papers discussed it, and issued plates of engraved portraits, and sketches of the dresses, so that to keep the knowledge of her whereabouts from her former victims was impossible. Not that it signified much. Jasper Onslow cared nothing for her now. She might give a hundred baits, and he would not crave to be present at one.

The little child seemed very content in the queer old Manor. Muriel undertook to see Miss Carlyon's gift laid out for him; and he played about in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, that told of a lonely infancy and a mind rather in advance of his years.

"I shall keep him a week," Jabez Colliver said, "and then I shall write to Miss Carlyon again. There need be no scruple in taking a little of her great wealth for a poor little orphan, as I firmly believe this boy to be."

"Do you fancy his father is dead?" Muriel asked.

"I do."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell. Ask me why we eat, drink, sleep, move. I seem to have an intuitive knowledge that it is so—that we shall never see Ralph Rutherford alive in this world again."

He gave notice to the police of the disappearance, but they were inclined to ridicule the whole thing. They declared there was nothing more likely than for a penniless tramp to leave his child wherever he could, and make off with a valuable dress that he could turn into money.

"But he couldn't walk away in it," Jabez argued, "and he had nothing else to wear."

They wouldn't alter their opinion, though they promised to help him, and made a few inquiries at Kingsland, which resulted in nothing.



swayed in so many words. "Yes, I will, your falsehood for you forsake me, will be one while the less. You know that only last night, in this very place we discussed the future as something that must be identical to both. Only last night, Carry! Don't the very time approach you? When Jim told me of this confounded old lover of yours I almost boxed his ears, only I didn't believe him. Then I met your father, and he asked me to congratulate him. Congratulate! I'd rather have knocked him down!"

My poor lad—my poor dear Jack! The more I thought of him, the more I loved him; but when I had resolved to marry the Squire, I had counted the cost, and foreseen that Jack's reproaches would be among the worst of the personal sufferings that I must undergo for the sake of others. So, his passion giving me time to collect myself, I was not to be moved from my purpose by an outbreak for which I was prepared, and which it seemed to be my duty to steel myself against.

"Listen to me, Jack," I said, as he paused at last, choked with his own vehemence. "We have known each other a long time, and you say you love me. Can't you imagine any good reason, any excuse even, for my marrying Mr. Dancombe?"

"Oh, a hundred," he answered bitterly. "Why, of course all your acquaintances will advise you to do so. 'Throw over Jack Hall!' Why, in the first place, she never was, strictly speaking, engaged to him, and, in the second, he had nothing whatever to marry on—was hardly in society even. Sensible girl to shut the door in his face, and marry the head of the first family in the county, though he has a queer temper, and is old enough to be her grandfather! Excuse! why, it doesn't want one excuse!"

"And if you add—her sister was dying for want of luxuries that to her were necessities, her brother was growing up in the gutter, her father was getting deeper and deeper into debt, and her mother was breaking her heart; the man she loved was as poor as herself; so—though, if Heaven had pleased she would rather have died—the mark of a rich man for the sake of her family—would that want an excuse—ah, Jack?"

He was silent for a minute, and then answered stammeringly:

"Nothing can ever excuse it to me."

I was hardly prepared for this obstinate indignation, and sighed in my despair of making him take a fair view of that which I was going to do.

"Take heart, Carry," he said then, more bitterly than ever. "If it costs you a pang now, it will be soon forgotten; you'll be a rich man's wife, and the making of your own family. You'll only have disappointed a poor fellow of his expectations—tangent him to be more careful how he trusts a woman again—made him a wiser man, in fact. You need hardly sign in anger, Jack?"

"Part?" The sarcastic tone was lost in the accents of a more vehement passion. "I don't know yet that I shall let you go."

"I was a little afraid of him, but, not wishing further to increase a mood which was evidently rough enough already, forebore to cast even a glance toward the gate."

"I'll stay as long as you like," I said, gently; "but you may as well let me go as rail at me—I've enough to bear without that."

"Yes, you've had enough to bear all along, and you need to tell me your troubles when we meet, as if it was a comfort to you to talk them over; and I would go away, and lie awake half the night wondering how I could help him if I could escape enough together to give you some sort of a home as my wife. But now you are going to become another man's wife. You are to be a stranger—worse than a stranger—to me, henceforth. How can you do it, Carry? How can you do it?"

"I can't let Kate die and Jim grow up in the streets," I said, honestly, for these piteous appeals shook me more than his passion. "Dear Jack, listen to me. Tomorrow I must try to forget what we have been to each other, but I am saying good-bye to you forever, and I will tell you the truth. I love you quite as well as you love me—oh, completely, with my whole heart! I would rather, for myself, much rather, die than marry anybody else. But I dare not think of myself. You don't know what home is becoming; I must put a stop to this state of things somehow, and there is but one way. Only believe that I am not mercenary for myself—that I am suffering as much as you. You must believe me, or I shall break my heart."

I suppose he saw how desperately earnest I was, and moreover, proud as he might be, he had known me too long and too well to believe in the bottom of his heart that I would really sell myself for gold.

"Confound Squire Dancombe!" he growled between his teeth. "What right has one man to be so much richer than another? I believe those Socialist fellows are not far from being right after all."

"This was not reason, but it was better than reproaches, and I listened to it better. 'Jack, I must go in,' I said presently. 'Go, then.'"

But, before I could move a step, weighted as I was by my heavy and unwilling heart, he had caught hold of me, taking me to his breast in a desperate embrace. I did not resist him—I could not. Though I was to be Mr. Dancombe's wife, I lifted my face and kissed him. It did not seem to be wrong—my marriage with the Squire seemed to me like some future sin that I was to commit.

It was Jack who said at last—

"This is more than a man can bear. Go, Carry, while I have some command of myself left."

But when he had shut the gate after me he cried "Carry, Carry—come back!" And I turned back and caught hold of his two hands through the bars, and, standing on tiptoe, kissed him again over the gate.

At that moment I heard footsteps coming up the road, and, wrenching myself free, fled into the house.

I had a terrible night; I do not think I slept for a single minute; all the long hours were spent in tears, wondering, dreading, agonizing efforts lest Kate should find out that I was crying. I was heart-broken for myself and Jack, and sorry and conscience-stricken for the poor old Squire, whom I knew I was cruelly deceiving. It seemed to me that, do what I would, I must do wrong to some one.

It was not till nearly morning that the thought occurred with sudden distinctness, almost as if it had been spoken to me.

"Tell the Squire the true state of the case, and then, if he is still willing to marry you, though you must personally suffer, you will not, at least, be doing wrong." Having come to this decision, I felt easier; not, I really believe, because of the chance of escape it afforded me, but because it would at any rate relieve me from the feeling that I was playing a deceitful part.

This second wakeful night had told upon my appearance, and when my father came down to his late breakfast my want of color, haggard appearance, and, as I conjectured from his manner, want of pretti-

ness altogether, seemed to make him quite uneasy.

"Send the girl to bed, mother," he urged, fretfully; "she looks like a needy potato. Make her go and lie down for an hour, or she won't be fit to be seen when Dancombe comes over."

As I preferred solitude in my then state of mind, I so far complied with this mandate as to go to my own room; but I was too restless to lie down, or to let Kate bathe my head. I looked my door against intruders, and sitting down in the window, waited for the Squire.

CHAPTER IV. AND LAST.

Mr. Dancombe did not come till the afternoon. I saw him coming, walking this time, and rather slowly, his head a little bent and his hands behind him. My father had gone out some time before; so, knowing that my mother would be scrupulous in keeping out of the way, I ran down and opened the door to the Squire myself.

I was so engrossed with my own thoughts and my own resolve, that I did not notice his manner or anything peculiar—if there was anything—in his greeting. I had determined to tell him the truth without delay—to say that, though I had promised to be his wife, and indeed meant to be his wife, if, when he had heard my story, he should be still disposed to have me, yet my heart had been long ago given to another man. But the topic seemed so difficult to introduce, the confession so difficult to make, that, before I had gathered courage enough for the attempt, I found myself sitting silent on the sofa, the Squire in a chair opposite equally silent, during a pause of some length.

I was just beginning to wonder why he at least should have nothing to say, when he asked with extreme abruptness—

"I have a question to ask which, as you have promised to be my wife, you can answer without blushing. Do you love me, Carry?"

His whole tone, his whole manner, I then became aware, had undergone a change since yesterday; and though the question led directly up to that which I wished to say, the alteration, which was not a reassuring one, made it more difficult to reply.

"It is a question that I should have put before I asked you to become my wife," continued Mr. Dancombe, finding that I did not speak; "but I made the rather serious mistake of thinking that the one implied the other. I am wiser now."

"Mr. Dancombe," I said then, though not without an effort, so formidable were the curves of the black eyebrows, "you are good and generous and kind, and those are qualities any one must love."

When I had said this, I felt how much I had left unsaid—which as his promised wife I should have been able to say—and trembled. I do not believe that I even thought of Jack. I only remembered that the Squire had been good and generous and kind, and that, though not influenced by personal motives, my conduct toward him might appear deserving of very different epithets. There was an embarrassing pause, during which I had not the courage to look up.

"I have qualities that every one must love," said Mr. Dancombe, at last. "I am to assume then that you love me, and that you hate the man I saw you kiss last night? You may well start. It was a strange position I found you in—an unexpected sight for me to see."

Start I did indeed, and as he spoke I remembered the footsteps—nearly those of since—which had made me run into the house. But, having no other resource left, I took to myself the courage of despair.

"Mr. Dancombe," I said, "I am sorry that you happened to see what you did see, but because I value your good opinion; and it is very probable you may think now that, if you had not in this manner compelled me, I should not have told you the truth. But I was going to tell you—I have been trying to say it all the time we have been sitting here."

"Were you going to tell me that, though you have promised to become my wife, and though you are good enough to say that I possess lovable qualities, the love of your heart is given to another man?" Of course it seemed a monstrous admission. But I made it.

"Yes," I said.

"And supposing that, in spite of that confession, I still hold you to your promise?"

My heart sank at the prospect of renewed captivity, but I was staunch to my determination to be ready to fulfil it.

"There was silence again, and, though I kept my eyes on the ground, I felt that the Squire was attentively observing me."

"And what," he said gravely, at length, "could I say to you to such a sacrifice? If you have fallen into the mistake of supposing that easy circumstances are of themselves sufficient to insure happiness—trust the experience of a life-time—you are altogether wrong."

"For the matter of that," I answered, more at ease now that he had dropped that terribly sarcastic tone, "you see only one side of the question. You know that riches do not ensure one against sorrow—you do not know what sorrows poverty begets. Still, it was for the sake of being rich—not, at least, for the pleasure of riches to myself."

"Was it for the sake of your relatives that you proposed to sacrifice three people—yourself, and this Mr. Hall, and me?"

"Yes," I said. There was another pause, and I heard the Squire sighing to himself.

After all, Carry, it is I, I suppose, that should blink," he said, "for having been foolish enough to suppose that you could care about me for my own sake. I should have remembered that summer and winter can never blend. I suppose I am old; for the first time to-day I felt the weight of my sixty years. The walk from The Barton over here seemed a task upon my strength. I never felt it so before; but there must be a beginning to everything, and I need to myself as I walked. After all, I have been a fool, and was doing a wicked and cruel thing in thinking of tying a child to my old age. But I wish you could have trusted me, Carry. You would have spared yourself some hours of suffering, and me a delusion which it is hard to confront."

The bitterness was all gone; there was not even reproach in his voice; but I only felt the more keenly that I had used him ill. Of course I immediately understood that he no longer intended to make me his wife; but, though I had determined upon the marriage as the one hope left to my family, so inveterate is the selfishness of human nature that my strongest sensation was one of exquisite relief. Nevertheless, I felt that my conduct had need atone in his eyes, and endeavored to offer some.

"Mr. Dancombe," I said, "I feel that I have behaved very badly to you, but I did not see the justice that I was doing you at first. I did not think it could be wrong to do what cost me so much—and things have been so desperate,

that it seemed my duty. I did I only meant to do right."

"That I believe," answered the Squire. "At least I mean to keep my trust in you though I lose everything else. Come, I see, though rather late, what my part in the play must be, and accept it with the best grace I may. After all, I am only an old man, and must stand aside to let the young folk be happy. I had a talk with your Mr. Hall last night, and I think he will have some good news to tell you when he comes—which he will presently. I made him promise not to present himself until four o'clock—I said I should resign my right to you till then; but it is verging upon that hour now. I will take my leave and make way for him. And do not give yourself any uneasiness, Carry, for the consequences to others of this change of plans. You will always find me a true friend to you and all in whom you are interested."

He held out his hand to me as he stood up to go. His generosity and noble feeling touched my inmost heart, and I raised the beautiful hand to my lips and kissed it.

"My dear lady!" he cried with the old courtly accent, and, stooping, swept my fingers with his grizzled mustache. But, in spite of the ceremonious composure of his manner, I saw in his face the look of a man disappointed of his last hope in life.

I believe I was crying bitterly when Jack came in to dry my tears with the announcement that, Mr. Jeffries, the agent for The Barton estates, being dead, Mr. Dancombe had given him the agency—

and that he was to have Barton Lodge and five hundred a year, and that we could be married at once if we wished. I remembered that having heard of Mr. Jeffries' illness in the beginning of the week, but recent occurrences had driven everything else out of my head; besides, the agency had never been matter of speculation to any more than a kingdom would have been.

If ever there was a brick, it's the Squire," Jack enthusedly. "I never knew such a noble fellow. I feel as if I'm no means so sure now, Carry, that you don't love him better than me."

"I've no doubt he's a better man," said I, "but somehow I'm foolish enough to love you more."

It is long ago now since all this happened, but I have been writing about Squire Dancombe—brave, noblest heart that ever beat—has been dead some years, and a Fairfax reigns in his stead. The present Squire has a large family, and The Barton is less magnificent and much more cheerful than of old. The young Fairfaxes are forever coming over to the Lodge, and seem as much at home in my drawing-room as in the great house. Here comes one of them, my garden, with a tall, slim girl beside him; and I to mother, sitting knitting in the window whilst I write (she has lived with us ever since my father's death, which occurred soon after our marriage, and since we have had time to remember his good qualities and think kindly of his faults).

George Fairfax is very fond of being with Kate.

"He's a sweet fellow," says my mother, in a tone of approval that I very well understand.

"May I have a cup of your tea, Mrs. Hall?" says George, as he and my sister both come in at the long French window, open to the sunset and the shelving lawn; and Kate comes behind me to whisper, with a kiss—

"Carry, I am so happy!"

THE BUOY ORGANOIST.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, clusters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fatuous shadows; and its loneliness and stillness, entering the boys' hearts like a dim and vast cathedral.

The company of monks with whom they had been travelling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looming up in the shadows of the great, empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes? Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river sailing the desolate shore, the sunbeams falling on the melting shadow at its side. The father, said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to be taught the mechanism, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes? Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river sailing the desolate shore, the sunbeams falling on the melting shadow at its side. The father, said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

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WATCHING THE BABY.

It used to be a pleasant recreation. But that was before mounted cradles and baby-jumpers and nursery-mats were brought into general use. The playthings were cheap, if not home-made, and were exceedingly primitive in their construction.

A cigar box, mounted on spools and drawn with a string, served as a carriage, and the doll drawn in it was made of rag and dressed in calico. There was a jumping jack of card board, which furnished endless entertainment, and clam shells that made the nicest tea cups, and a top, and a whistle that grandpa made out of a poplar stick, and a score of blocks picked up in a carpenter shop. Baby watched the building with eager interest, moved when it was pushed, and knocked it down with his foot in infinite glee. The peck measure was a seat for him to sit on, or a little world for him to put in disorder and upset, when the whim struck him, or a car for him to get in. The broom handle was an unflinching horse that always came to time. Grandma's ball of yarn was always in order, and when other sources failed was the cat's tail, the pulling of which invariably produced music if it did not precipitate a catastrophe. Sometimes a drawer got open and baby revelled in its contents, and sometimes the button bag was a mine of treasures. There was endless fun in getting the little, toddling, tumbling fellow up on his feet for a trot, and a tin pan with an iron spoon and handful of beans was a sort of pandemonium and furnished delight for a while. Baby grew up and made fun enough for the whole household to pay for his care two times over.

That way of tending the baby is now obsolete. The hall floor has been carpeted. The primitive playthings have been burned to make room for a bushel or two of toys. A hired servant, who cares only for pay and carries

TERMS—Always in Advance.

Deacon N.—“Elder K., that horse you told me is stove in the fore-shoulder.”

Elder K.—“Ea! deacon? If that be so, advise you to say nothing about it. You say want to sell the animal, and it would injure the sale of him.”

The deacon replied:

her own feelings, let them be wrong as they would, should not prove the obstacle. Evening came, and she had not decided. She passed another night of pain, of restlessness, of longing for her children, this intense longing appearing to be overmastering all her powers of mind and body. The temptation at length proved too strong; the project having been planned before her, she could not but be relinquished, and she finally resolved to go. "What is it that would keep me away?" she asked. "The dread of discovery." "Well, if that comes it must, they could not hang me or kill me. Deeper humiliation than ever would be my portion when they drive me from East Lynne with abhorrence and ignominy, as a soldier is drummed out of his regiment, but I could bear that as I must bear the rest, and I can shrink under some hedge and lay myself down to die. Humiliation for me? No, I will not put that in comparison with seeing and being with my children."

Mrs. Latimer wrote to Mrs. Carlyle. She had met with a governess, one desirable in every way, who could not fail to suit her views precisely. She was a Madame Vine, English by birth, but the widow of a Frenchman, a Protestant, a thorough gentleman, an efficient linguist and musician, and competent to her duties in all ways. Mrs. Crosby, with whom she had lived two years, regarded her as a treasure, and would not have parted with her but for Helena's marriage with a German nobleman. "You must not mind her appearance," went on the letter. "She is the oddest-looking person, wears spectacles, caps, enormous bonnets, and has a great scar on her mouth and chin, and though she can't be more than thirty, her hair is grey, she is also slightly lame. But, understand you, she is a lady with it all, and looks one."

When this description reached East Lynne, Barbara laughed at it as she read it aloud to Mr. Carlyle. He laughed also. "It is well, governesses are not chosen according to their looks," he said, "or I fear Madame Vine would stand but a poor chance."

They resolved to engage her, and word went back to that effect.

A strongly built, middle-aged lady, with a large, bushy head of hair, everything belonging to her, but a mark on her face, which could give a clue to her former self. The bulk of her luggage remained at Paris, warehouse, where it had been sent, she quit the Grenelle. She next went to her wardrobe, making it still more unlike anything she had used to wear. Her caps, save that they were simple, and fitted closely to the face, nearly rivalled those of Miss Carlyle. Her handwriting she had been striving for two years to change the character of, and had so far succeeded that none would now take it for Lady Isabel Vane's. But her hand shook as she wrote to Mrs. Carlyle, and she had written to her. She was writing to Mr. Carlyle's wife, and in the capacity of a subordinate. How would she like to live with her as a subordinate? A servant it may be said—where she had once reigned, the idolized lady? She must bear that, as she must bear all else. Hot tears came into her eyes, with a gasp, as they fell on the signature. "Barbara Carlyle."

All ready, she sat down and waited the signal of departure, but that was not to be yet. It was finally arranged that she should travel to England and to West Lynne with Mrs. Latimer, and that Lady Isabel would not return until October. Lady Isabel could only fold her hands and strive for patience. But the day did come—it actually did, and Mrs. Latimer, Lady Isabel and Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Latimer would only travel slowly, and the impatient, fevered woman thought the journey would never end.

"You have been informed, I think, of the position of these unhappy children that you are going to," Mrs. Latimer observed to her one day. "You must not speak to them of their mother. She left them."

"Yes."

"It is never well to speak to children of a mother who has disgraced them. Mr. Carlyle would not like it, and I dare say they are taught to forget her, and to regard Mrs. Carlyle as their only mother."

Her soothing heart, to assent to all. It was a foggy afternoon, gray with the coming twilight, when they arrived at West Lynne. Mrs. Latimer, believing the governess was a novice in England, kindly put her into a fly, and told the driver his destination. "An avon, madame," she said, "and good luck to you."

Once more she was whirling along the familiar road. She saw Justice Hare's house, she saw other marks which she knew well, and once more she saw East Lynne, the dear old house, for the fly had turned into the avenue. Lights were moving in the windows; it looked gay and cheerful, a contrast to her. Her heart was sick with expectation, her throat was beating; and as the man thundered up with all the force of his horse, and halted at the steps, her sight momentarily dimmed. Would Mr. Carlyle come to the fly to hand her out? She wished she had never undertaken the project, now, in the depth of her fear and agitation. The hall door was flung open, and there gushed forth a blaze of light.

The two men-servants stood there. The one remained in the hall, the other advanced to the carriage, and assisted Lady Isabel to alight, and then bowed himself with the luggage. As she descended to the hall she recognized old Peter. Strange, indeed, did it seem to her to say, "How are you, Peter?" but to meet him as a stranger. For a moment she was at a loss for words, what should she say or ask, coming to her own house? Her master was unharmed, her voice low.

"Is Mrs. Carlyle within?"

"Yes, ma'am."

At that moment Joyce came forward to receive her.

"It is Madame Vine, I believe," she respectfully said. "Please to step this way, madame."

But Lady Isabel lingered in the hall, ostensibly to see that her boxes came in right—Stephen was bringing them up then—in reality to gather a short respite, for Joyce might be about to usher her into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

Joyce, however, did nothing of the sort. She merely conducted her to the gray parlor, where she was waiting in the grate, looking cheerful on the autumn night.

"This is your sitting room, madame. What will you please to take? I will order it brought in while I show you your bedroom."

"A cup of tea, answered Lady Isabel."

"Yes, and some of my meat," suggested Joyce. But Lady Isabel interrupted her.

"Nothing but tea, and a little cold meat."

Joyce rang the bell, ordered the refreshment to be made ready, and then preceded Lady Isabel upstairs. On the full lower, her heart palpitating; past the rooms that used to be hers, along the corridor, toward the second staircase. The door of her old dressing room stood open, and she glanced in with a yearning look. No, however, according to her English habit,

she had put it from her by her own free act and deed. Not less comfortable did it look now than in former days, but it had passed into another's occupancy. The fire threw its blaze on the furniture. There were the little ornaments on the large dressing-table, as they used to be in her time; and the out-cast of crystal caskets and bottles glittering in the firelight. On the sofa lay a shawl and a book, and on the bed a silk dress, as if thrown there after being taken off. No, those rooms were not for her now, and she followed Joyce up the other staircase.

The bedroom she was shown to was commodious and well furnished. It was the one Mrs. Carlyle had occupied when she, Isabel, had been taken a bride, to East Lynne, though that lady had subsequently quitted it for one on the lower floor. Joyce put down the twilight she carried, and looked round.

"Would you like a fire lighted here, madame, for to-night? Perhaps it will feel welcome after travelling."

"Oh, no, thank you," was the answer.

Stephen, with somebody to help him, was bringing up the luggage. Joyce directed him where to place it, telling him to unlock the boxes. That done, the man left the room, and Joyce turned to Lady Isabel, who had stood like a statue, never so much as attempting to remove her bonnet.

"Can I do anything for you, madame?" she asked.

Lady Isabel declined. In these her first moments of arrival she was dreading detection—how was it possible that she should not?—and she feared Joyce's keen eyes more, perhaps, than she feared any others. She was only wishing that the girl would go down.

"Should you want any one, please to ring, and Hannah will come up," said Joyce, preparing to retire. "She is in the hall waiting upon the gray parlor, and will do anything you like up here."

Joyce had quitted the room, and Lady Isabel had got her bonnet off, when the door opened again. She hastily thrust it on, somewhat after the fashion of Richard Hare's rushing on his hat and false whiskers. It was Joyce.

"Do you think you shall find your way down to the parlour, madame?"

"Yes, I can do that," she answered.

Find her way in that house? Lady Isabel slowly took her things off. What was the use of lingering?—she must meet their eyes, sooner or later. Though, in truth, there was little, if any, fear of detection, as effectively was she disguised by nature's altering hand, or by art. It was the utmost difficulty she kept tranquil. Had the tears once burst forth, they would have gone on to hysterics, with out the possibility of control. The coming home again to East Lynne! Oh, it was indeed a time of agitation, terrible, painful agitation, and none can wonder at it. Shall I tell you what she did? Yes, she sat at the window, and wrote. She knelt down by the bed and prayed for courage to go through the task she had undertaken; prayed for self-control—even she, the sinful, who had quitted that house under circumstances so notorious. But I am not sure that this mode of return to it was an expedition precisely calculated to call down a blessing.

There was not a ray of light in the parlor, and she descended, the twilight in her hand. Everything was ready in the gray parlor; the tea tray on the table, the small urn hissing away, the tea-caddy in proximity to it. A silver rack of dry toast, butter, and a hot mullin, covered with a small silver cover. The things were to her sight as old faces, to rack, the small cover, the tea-caddy, the tea-caddy, she remembered them all. Not the urn—a copper one—she had no recollection of that. It had possibly been bought for the use of the governess, when a governess came into use at East Lynne. Could she have given herself leisure to reflect on the matter, she might have told, by the signs observable in the short period she had been in the house, that governess at East Lynne was regarded as a gentleman—treated well and liberally. Yes, for East Lynne owned Mr. Carlyle for its master.

She made the tea, and sat down with what appetite she might. Her brain, her thoughts, all in a chaos together. She wondered whether Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were at home, and what part of the house were the children. She heard bells ring now and then, she heard servants cross and recross the hall. Her meal over, she rang her own.

A neat looking, good tempered maid answered it, Hannah, who, as Joyce had informed her, waited upon the gray parlor, and was at her, the governess, especially commended. She took away the things, and then Lady Isabel sat on alone. For how long she scarcely knew, when a sound caused her head to beat as if it would burst its bonds, and she started from her chair like one who has received an electric shock.

It was nothing to be startled at either—ordinary people, for it was not the first time of children's voices. If children were being brought in to her? She pressed her hand upon her heaving bosom. No, they were not; but traversing the hall, and the voices faded away up the wide staircase. Perhaps they had been in to desert, as in the old time, and were now going up to bed. She looked at her new watch. Half past seven. The one had been changed away for it. All her trinkets had been likewise parted with, sold or exchanged away, but they should be recognized at East Lynne. Nothing whatever had she kept, except her mother's miniature and the small golden cross, set with seven emeralds. Have you forgotten that cross? Francis Levison accidentally broke it for her the first time they ever met. If she had looked upon the breaking of that cross, which her mother had enjoined her to set such store by, as an evil omen, at the time of the accident, how awfully had the subsequent events seemed to bear her fancy out! These two articles, the miniature and the cross, could not bring her mind to part with. She had sealed them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-room away from all chance of public view. Peter entered.

"My mistress says, ma'am, she would be glad to see you, if you are not too tired. Will you please to walk into the drawing-room?"

A mist came before her eyes. Was she about to enter the presence of Mr. Carlyle? Had the moment really come? She moved to the door, which Peter held open. She turned her head from the man, for she could feel how ashy white were her face and lips.

"Is Mrs. Carlyle alone?" she asked, in a subdued voice. The most indirect way she could put the question, as to whether Mr. Carlyle was there.

"Quite alone, ma'am. My master is dining out to-day. Madame Vine, I think?"

He added, waiting to announce her, as the hall-staircase, he laid his hand on the drawing-room door.

"Madame Vine," she said, correcting him. For Peter had spoken the name, Vice, broadly, according to our English habit,

she set him right, and pronounced it a la mode française.

"Madame Vine, ma'am," quoth Peter to his mistress, as he ushered in Lady Isabel.

The old familiar drawing-room; its large, handsome proportions, its well-arranged furniture, its bright chandelier! It all came back to her with a heart sickening. No longer her drawing room, but it should take pride in it. She had flung it away from her when she flung away the rest.

Seated under the blaze of the chandelier was Barbara. Not a day older did she look than when Lady Isabel had first seen her at the churchyard gates, when she had inquired of her husband who was that pretty girl. Barbara, Hare's wife, answered Ay. She was Barbara Hare then, but now she was Barbara Carlyle; and she, who had been Isabel Carlyle, was Isabel Vane again? Oh, woe! woe!

Inexpressibly more beautiful Barbara than Lady Isabel had ever seen her—she else she fancied it. Her evening dress was of pale sky-blue, no other color suited Barbara so well, and there was no other color so fond of, and on her fair neck was a gold chain, and on her arms were gold bracelets. Her pretty features were attractive as ever; her cheeks were flushed; her blue eyes sparkled, and her light hair was rich and abundant. A contrast, her hair, to that of the worn woman opposite to her.

Barbara came forward, her hand stretched out with a kindly greeting.

"I hope you are not very much tired after your journey?"

Lady Isabel murmured something—she did not know what—and pushed the chair set for her as much as possible into the shade.

"You are not ill, are you?" uttered Barbara, noting the intensely pale face—as much as could be seen of it for the cap and the spectacles.

"Not ill," was the low answer. "Only a little fatigued."

"Would you prefer that I spoke with you in the morning? You would like, possibly, to retire to bed at once."

"No, I have lost my head. Better get the interview over by candlelight than by daylight."

"You look so very pale. I feared you might be ill."

"I am generally pale; sometimes remarkably so, but my health is good."

"Mrs. Latimer wrote us word that you would be quite sure to suit us," freely Barbara, altering her tone, and saying that you may find your residence here agreeable. Have you lived much in England?"

"In the early portion of my life."

"And you have lost your husband and children? Stay. I beg your pardon if I am making a mistake; I think Mrs. Latimer did mention children."

"I have lost them," was the faint, quiet response.

"Oh, but it must be terrible grief when children die!" exclaimed Barbara, a sipping her hands in emotion. "I would not lose my babe for the world! I could not part with him."

"Terrible grief, and hard to bear," out-cried Lady Isabel. But in her heart was thinking that death was not the worst kind of parting. There was another, far more dreadful. Mrs. Carlyle began to speak of the children as she was to take charge of.

"You are no doubt aware that they are not mine," Mrs. Latimer would tell you. They are the children of Mr. Carlyle's first wife."

"And Mr. Carlyle's," interrupted Lady Isabel. What in the world had made her put in that? She wondered herself, the moment the words were out of her mouth. A scarlet streak flushed her cheeks, and she remembered that there must be no speaking upon impulse at East Lynne.

"Mr. Carlyle's of course," said Barbara, looking at Mrs. Carlyle, giving way to some question. "Their position—the girl's particularly—is a sad one, for their mother left them. Oh, it was a shocking business."

"She is dead, I hear," said Lady Isabel, hoping to turn the immediate point of conversation. Mrs. Carlyle, however, continued, as though she had not heard her.

"Mr. Carlyle married Lady Isabel Vane, the late Lord Mount Severn's daughter, and she was a very attractive and beautiful girl, but I do not fancy she cared very much for her husband. However that may have been, she ran away from him."

"It was very sad," observed Lady Isabel, feeling that she was expected to say something. Besides she had her role to play.

"Sad? It was wicked—it was infamous," returned Mrs. Carlyle, giving way to some extent. "Of all men living, of all husbands, Mr. Carlyle least deserved such a requital. You will say so when you come to know him. And the affair altogether was a mystery; for it never was observed or suspected by any one, that Lady Isabel entertained a liking for another. It was Francis Levison who seduced her."

"Francis Levison? He had been staying at East Lynne, but no one detected any undue intimacy between them, not even Mr. Carlyle. To him, as to others, her conduct must always remain a mystery."

Madame Vine appeared to be occupied with her spectacles, setting them straight. Barbara continued.

"The disgrace is reflected on the children, and always will be, the shame of having a divorced mother."

"Is she not dead?" interrupted Lady Isabel.

"No, she is dead. Oh, yes. But they will not be less pointed at, the girl especially, as I say. They all side to their mother now and then in fast conversation. Wilson tells me, but I would recommend you, Madame Vine, not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her."

"Mr. Carlyle would naturally wish them to do so."

"Most certainly. There is little doubt that Mr. Carlyle would blot out all recollection of her, were it possible. But unfortunately she was the children's mother, and, for that, there is no help. I trust you will be able to instil principles into the little girl which will keep her from a like fate."

"I will try," answered Lady Isabel, with more fervor than she had yet spoken. "Do you have the children much with you, may I inquire?"

"I never was fond of being troubled with children. When my own grew up into childhood I shall send the nursery and the school room the fitter place for them. What I trust I shall never give up to another, will be the training of my children," pursued Barbara. "Let the child, properly pertaining to a nurse, be performed by them. Christian and moral duties, to strive to teach them how best to fulfil the obligations of life. This is a mother's task—as I understand the question."

Let her do this work well, and the nurse can attend to the rest. A child should never hear night from its mother's lips, but persuasive gentleness, and this becomes impossible, if she is very much with her children."

Lady Isabel silently assented. Mrs. Carlyle's views were correct ones.

"When I first came to East Lynne, I found Miss Manning, the governess, was doing everything necessary for Mr. Carlyle's children in the way of the training that I speak of," resumed Barbara. "She had them with her for a short period every morning, even the little one. I saw that it was all right, therefore did not interfere. Since she left—it is nearly a month now—I have taken them myself. We were sorry to part with Miss Manning; she suited very well. But she had been engaged, it turned out, to an officer in the navy, and now they are to be married. You will have the care of the little girl, she will be your companion out of school hours; did you understand that?"

"I am quite ready and willing to undertake it," said Lady Isabel, her heart beating. "Are the children well? Do they enjoy good health?"

"Quite so. They had the measles in the spring, and the illness left a cough upon William, the eldest boy. Mr. Watkinson says he will outgrow it."

"He has it still, then?"

"At night and morning. They went last week to spend the day with Mrs. Carlyle, and were a little late in returning home. It was foggy, and the boy coughed dreadfully after he came in. Mr. Carlyle was so concerned that he left the dinner-table and went up to the nursery; he gave Joyce strict orders that the child should never again be out in the evening air, so long as the cough was upon him. We had not heard him cough like that."

"Do you fear consumption?" asked Lady Isabel, in a low tone.

"I do not fear that, or any other incurable disease for them," answered Barbara. "I think, with Mr. Watkinson, that time will remove the cough. The children come of a healthy stock on the father's side, and have no reason to think they do not of their mother. She died young, you will say. Ay, but she did not die of disease; her death was the result of accident. Mrs. Latimer wrote us word you were of gentle birth and breeding."

She continued, changing the subject of conversation. "I am sure you will excuse my speaking of these particulars," Barbara added, in a tone of apology. "But this is our first interview—our preliminary interview, it may in a measure be called, for we could not say much by letter."

"I was born and reared a gentleman," answered Lady Isabel.

"Yes, I am sure of it; there is no mistake in the tone of a gentleman," said Barbara. "How sad it is when pecuniary reverses fall upon a family. I dare say you never then left to go out as a governess."

A half smile positively crossed her lips. She thought to go out as a governess—the Earl of Mount Severn's only child. "Oh, no, never," she said, in reply.

"Your husband, I fear, did not leave you well off," Mrs. Latimer said something to that effect.

"When I lost him, I lost all," was the answer. And Mrs. Carlyle was struck with the willing pain betrayed in the tone. At that moment a maid entered.

"Nurse says the baby is undressed, and quite ready for you, ma'am," she said, addressing her mistress.

Mrs. Carlyle rose, but hesitated as she was moving away.

"Will she be the baby here to-night," she said to the girl. "Tell nurse to put a shawl round him and bring him down. It is the hour for my baby's supper."

She smiled, turning to Lady Isabel. "I may as well have him here for once, as Mr. Carlyle is out. Sometimes I am out myself, and then he has to be fed."

"You do not stay in-doors for the baby, then?"

"Certainly not. If I and Mr. Carlyle have to be out in the evening, baby goes with us. I should never give up my husband for my baby; never, never, dearly as I love him."

The nurse came in—Wilson. She unfolded a shawl, and placed the baby on Mrs. Carlyle's arm. A good, fat, fair young baby, who reared his head and opened wide his great blue eyes, and beat his arms at the lights of the chandelier, as no baby of nearly six months old ever did yet. So thought Barbara. He was in his clean white night-gown and night cap, with his pretty crumpled frills and borders; altogether a pleasant sight to look upon.

She had a look at the very cherub, and he lay far upon her knee, but all that was past and gone. She leaned her head upon her hand, and a rebellious sigh of envy went forth from her aching heart.

Wilson, the curious, was devouring her with her eyes. Wilson was thinking she never saw such a mortal fright as the new governess. Then blue spectacles copped everything, she decided, and what on earth had she put her head in that fashion? As well wear a man's collar and stock at once! If her teaching was no better than her looks, Miss Lucy might as well go to the parish charity school!

"Shall I wait, ma'am?" demurely asked Wilson, her investigation being unclouded.

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle, still ringing. Baby was exceedingly busy taking his supper. And of course, according to all baby precedent, he ought to have gone off into a sound sleep over it. But the supper concluded, and the gentleman seemed to have no more sleep in his eyes than he had before he began. He sat up, crowded at the lights, stretched out his hands for them, and set his mother at defiance, absolutely refusing to be hushed up.

"Do you wish to keep awake all night you reb?" cried Barbara, fondly looking on him.

"A loud crow, by way of answer. Perhaps it was intended to intimate that he did. She clasped him to her with a sudden gesture of rapture, a sound of love, and devoted his pretty face with kisses. Then she took him in her arms, putting him to sit upright, and approached Madame Vine.

"Did you ever see a more lovely child?"

"A fine baby, indeed," she constrained herself to answer, and she could have fancied it her own little Archibald over again when he was a baby. But he is not much like him."

He is the very image of my darling husband. When you see Mr. Carlyle—Barbara stopped, and bent her ear, as if listening.

"Mr. Carlyle is probably a handsome man," said poor Lady Isabel, believing that the pause was made to give her an opportunity of putting in an observation.

"He is handsome, but that is the least good about him. He is the most noble man I ever loved, respected by every one; I may say, loved. The only one who could not appreciate him was his wife; and we must assume that she did not, by the ending that came. However she could leave him—how she could even look at another, after having loved him so dearly, and said 'I will be a married to the man who knows him.'"

A bitter groan—and it nearly escaped her lips.

"That certainly is the pony carriage," cried Barbara, bending her ear again. "If so, how very early Mr. Carlyle is home. Yes, I am sure it is the sound of the wheels."

How Lady Isabel at that scarcely knew; how she concealed her trepidation she never would know. A pause; an entrance to the hall; Barbara, baby in arms, advanced to the drawing room door, and a tall form entered. Once more Lady Isabel was in the presence of her sometime husband.

He did not perceive that any one was present, and he bent his head and fondly kissed his wife. Isabel's jealous eyes were turned upon them. She saw Barbara's passionate lingering kiss in return, she heard her fervent, whispered greeting, "My darling!" and she watched him turn to press the same fond kisses on the rosy, open lips of his child. Isabel flung her hands over her face. Had she bargained for this? It was part of the cross she had undertaken to carry, and she must bear it.

Mr. Carlyle came forward and saw her. He looked somewhat surprised. "Madame Vine," said Barbara; and he held out his hand and welcomed her in the same cordial, pleasant manner that his wife had done. She put her shaking hand into his; there was no help for it. Little thought Mr. Carlyle that that hand had been tenderly clasped in his a thousand times—that it was the one pledged to him at the altar at Castle Marling.

She sat down on her chair again, unable to stand, feeling as though every drop of blood within her had left her body. It had certainly left her face. Mr. Carlyle made a few civil inquiries as to her journey, but she did not dare to raise her eyes to his, as she breathed forth the answers.

"You are a home woman, Archibald," said Barbara, addressing him. "I did not expect you so early. I did not think you could get away. Do you know what I was wishing to day?" she continued. "Papa is going to London with Squire Pinner, to see those new agricultural implements—or whatever it is. They are sure to be away as much as three days. I was thinking if we could not persuade mamma to come to see the time papa is to be away, would be a delightful little change for her—a break in her monotonous life."

"I wish you could," warmly spoke Mr. Carlyle. "Her life, since you left, is a monotonous one; though, in her gentle patience, she will not say so. It is a happy thought, Barbara, and I only hope it may be carried out. Mrs. Carlyle's mother is an invalid, and fondly for she has no child at home with her now," he added, in a spirit of politeness, addressing himself to Madame Vine.

She simply bowed her head; trust herself to speak she did not. Mr. Carlyle scanned her face attentively, as she sat, her spectacles bent downward. She did not seem to him to be sociable, and he turned to the baby, who was wider awake than ever.

"Young sir, I should like to know what brings you up, and here, at this hour."

"You may well ask," said Barbara. "I just had him brought down, as you were not here, thinking he would be asleep directly. And only look at him!—no more sleep in his eyes than there is in mine."

She would have kissed him to her as she spoke, but the young gentleman stoutly repudiated it. He set up a half cry, and struggled his arms and his head free again, crowing the next moment most impatiently. Mr. Carlyle took him.

"It is of no use, Barbara; he is beyond your coaxing this evening. And he teased her in his strong arms, held him up to the chandelier, made him bob at the baby in the pier-glass, until the rebel was in a ecstasy of delight. Finally he smothered his face with kisses, as Barbara had done. Barbara rang the bell.

"Oh! can you imagine what it was for Lady Isabel? So had he teased, so had he kissed her children, she standing by, the fond, proud, happy mother, as Barbara was calling him. Mr. Carlyle came up to her.

"Are you fond of these little troubles, Madame Vine? This one is a fine fellow, they say."

"Very fine. What is his name?" she replied, by way of saying something.

"Archibald," put in Barbara to Madam Vine. "I was named after him, and he will be entirely Archibald, but he was already monopolized. Is that you, Wilson? I don't know what you'll do with him, but he looks as if he would not be asleep by twelve o'clock."

Wilson, with a fresh satisfying of her curiosity, by taking another prolonged look at the child from the very corner of her eye, and Mr. Carlyle, who had been looking on, turned to the chandelier, and bowed her out with a courtly smile.

Madame Vine rose. Would they excuse her? she asked in a low tone; she was tired, and would be glad to retire to rest.

Of course. And anything she might wish, in the way of refreshment, would she ring for? Barbara shook hands with her, and her friendly way; and Mr. Carlyle crossed the room to open the door for her, and bowed her out with a courtly smile.

She went up to her chamber at once. To rest? Well, what think you? She strove to say to her lacerated and remorseful heart, that the cross—far heavier than she had imagined or pictured—was only what she had brought upon herself, and must bear very true; but none of us would like such a cross to be upon our shoulders.

"Is she not doing looking?" cried Barbara, when she was alone with Mr. Carlyle.

"I can't think why she wears those blue spectacles; it cannot be for her sight, and they are very disagreeing."

"She puts me in mind of—of—began Mr. Carlyle, in a dreamy tone.

"Of whom?"

"Her face, I mean," he said, still dreaming.

"So little can be seen of it," resumed Mrs. Carlyle. "Of whom does she put you in mind?"

"I don't know. Nobody in particular," returned he, rousing himself. "Let us have tea in, Barbara."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

Visit Your Parents.

If you live in the same place, let your step be as possible daily—a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles away, many miles away, make it your business to go to your parents. In this matter do not regard time or expense; the one is well spent, and the other will be fully, even a hundred-fold, repaid. When some day the day reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that your father or mother is gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel, which last bore you to the loved one's side.

This story is told of a seven-year-old cynic at a juvenile party. He kept aloof from the rest of the company and the lady of the house called to him, saying: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife. Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

DESPERATE ADVENTURE OF A VISITOR IN NEW YORK.

(From a late number of the N. Y. Times.)

Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his place of residence is Watertown, N. Y. He came to this city about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and having some business to transact here, put up at the Park Hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a

